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Published
by
Samuel E. Cassino.
Boston.

Lines selected
from
Emerson,
Longfellow
and
Whittier

Where is Summer.
Can I get there by candle light?

lilies blossom in
the pond
The birds build in the
the dark pines si
on the far-away hill.
Same slow song
of the sea.

The Summer sun
low on the shelf
Touched with [illegible]
and upland farms,
[illegible] the tower of the
bold the great
wind mill
Slowly and lazily swung its arms.

"So blue the winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky
Where waiting till the west-wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie."

The Summer
has fallen asleep.
Sweet dreams.

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